

CITIZENS of two States will furnish MONEY to defend this man who killed HIS SISTERS' BETRAILER

The Remarkable Case of George Mitchell, Who for Weeks Relentlessly Followed Edward Creffield, "Joshua" of the "High Rollers," the Man Who Had Ruined His Two Sisters in the Name of Religion, and Finally Shot Him to Death on One of the Principal Business Streets of Seatle, Wash.

"THROUGHOUT the States of Oregon and Washington there is an intense feeling of sympathy for and indorsement of the action of George Mitchell in slaying Edmund Creffield. Mr. Mitchell is a poor young man and he needs financial assistance. Many of our prominent citizens are taking the initiative and are contributing.

"The Gazette will receive contributions and receipt for the same." "Help the boy in his trouble."

Probably no more remarkable appeal than this, published in the Corvallis, Ore., Gazette four days after the murder referred to, was ever printed in an American newspaper. It was addressed to that portion of the law-abiding American public which makes up the sovereign States of Oregon and Washington. And there is no doubt that the appeal will meet with a ready response. For there is every inclination to "help the boy in his trouble."

Oregon has of late been having the same trouble with the new religious sect known as the "Holy Rollers" that Michigan had some years ago. It has tried repeatedly and vainly to drive them out. Their precepts and their practices were felt to be injurious to the moral health of the community. And they were spreading like some loathsome disease not only over Oregon, but into Washington, blighting lives, breaking up homes, leaving ruin and desolation in their trail.

The "Holy Rollers," so-called because the names of their elect are inscribed on the Holy Rolls, first made their appearance in Detroit, Mich., about fifteen years ago. Like nearly all the freak religions that have troubled these United States of recent years, they have made no headway in the East. But they have spread through the West and Middle West until they are said to number about 150,000. One of their strongholds has been in Northern Oregon and in the adjoining State of Washington, and all efforts to dislodge them have been in vain.

Their founder and chief saint was a certain Michael Miller, known to the faithful as Prince Mike. He established himself in Detroit originally, and soon had a considerable following there. Prince Mike was violently opposed to race suicide. Eventually his ideas on this subject, or, more particularly, his practices, created a scandal. He was arrested and his followers driven out of Detroit. After this blow the community languished and drooped, until the arrival on the scene of a new leader, Prince Benjamin, who with his wife Mary took the colony in hand and put things on a new basis in the colony.

Before his elevation to the rank of prince in Israel—the "Holy Rollers" call themselves Israelites, though there is not a Hebrew among them—Benjamin and his wife Mary answered to the name of Purnell. They had spent their lives as itinerant preachers to anybody and every body, until they came across the drooping colony of Rollers at Benton Harbor, Mich., three or four years ago. Benjamin became chief saint, and made Mary, his wife, second in command. He rapidly issued orders that changed the habits of the colony and infused new life. He discarded his last name and ordered the faithful to do, like wise. All marriage was forbidden, and

husbands and wives were made to live apart. All polygamy and scandals were promptly ended.

Meanwhile the Oregon colony clung to the original faith, with all its objectionable features, as expounded by Prince Mike. Their leader was Franz Edmund Creffield, self styled "Joshua," whose recent murder by George Mitchell, resulted in the appeal printed above. Mitchell's trial in the superior court of King's county, Washington, began last week. John Manning, prosecuting attorney of Multnomah county, Oregon, was among the first to offer testimony in behalf of Mitchell.

The practices which Creffield indulged in under the name of religion nearly led to his lynching at Corvallis several years ago, and he was compelled to leave the place at night and hide himself. He was captured several days later and sentenced to a term in the Oregon penitentiary. As soon as he was released he returned to Corvallis and gathered the remnant of his following, among them the two sisters of young Mitchell. In an attempt to reorganize the Holy Rollers, but he was again forced to flee for his life to escape the wrath of the citizens.

Creffield was shot by Mitchell on one of the principal business streets of Seattle on May 7, after a chase of several weeks. The player made no attempt to escape, and after he was placed in jail young Mitchell said that the deed was done to avenge the ruin of his two sisters by the Holy Roller leader. Immediately after his arrest Mitchell sent the following telegram to the father-in-law of his victim, O. V. Hurt, of Corvallis:

"I've got my man. I'm in jail here." Since that time he has retained the same coolness that characterized his first act, declaring at all times that his conscience is perfectly clear and apparently believing that he has done no more than to kill a wild beast; and, aside from some of the followers of the Holy Roller leader, the people of Corvallis and other Oregon towns where an attempt was made to establish the faith have offered to testify in Mitchell's defense and otherwise come to his aid. In all thirty witnesses from Oregon have been summoned to appear at the trial, and testimony of the most startling nature will be introduced regarding the practices carried out by the following that accepted Creffield as their leader.

Among other things the Holy Rollers believed that it was sinful to wear clothes, and whenever any of his followers appeared before "Joshua" they first removed every article of wearing apparel. Many of his victims are now in the insane asylum among them the mother of the woman to whom he was twice married.

The following also believed that he was Jesus Christ, and after his death his wife, who was with him on the street when he was shot, clung to the belief that he would arise again.

It was to her father, O. V. Hurt, a well-known citizen of Corvallis, that Mitchell wired that he had got his man, and was in jail. Mr. Hurt has branded the Holy Roller leader as a fiend and described some of the awful scenes that were enacted by his fanatical followers.

After ruining the two sisters of young Mitchell, Creffield managed to keep them in his power and they were among the first to return to his leadership when he was released from the Oregon penitentiary. One of them says she hopes her brother will live long enough to report before he is hanged. She refuses to visit him.

In some manner Creffield managed to retain a hold on his following once they were initiated into the Holy Roller belief, and all efforts of the relatives of the two Mitchell girls to sever the relations were vain. Such was the history of Creffield's connection with several other victims.

A letter was received only recently in Seattle from a young woman of Cottage Grove, Ore., whose parents were among the Holy Roller leader's following, in which she declares the death of Creffield at the time it occurred saved the lives of nine young girls who were under his power. The writer maintained that the practices in which they were compelled to take part would have soon resulted in their death.



that he has arisen from the dead and will be heard from when the right time arrives.

Meanwhile, the Michigan colony—which is really the parent colony—having repented of its evil ways, is allowed to live unmolested at Benton Harbor, laughed at as a community of cranks, but tolerated, and even, after a fashion, respected as a thrifty, hard-working settlement. They are convinced that the world is coming to an end in August 1915—just ten years hence. It is not going to run into the sun, or do any other weird astronomical stunt, it is going to be overwhelmed in a second flood, and Prince Benjamin, who claims to be a reincarnation of Noah, is building a second ark to save his chosen people when the time comes.

As the ark is not intended to sail on ordinary waters, there is no need of building it near the water. Therefore the Holy Rollers have picked out a convenient sheltered little valley, far back from the water, where the craft will remain high and dry until the second flood. When the flood ar-

rives the ark will be ready, and all the faithful people and such animals as are deemed worthy are to come in out of the rain.

The reincarnated Noah is to stand on the gang plank and shout the names which at that time appear on the "Holy Rolls." These are kept in a small shanty, called a tabernacle in the center of the City of David, as they call their little settlement. Nobody but Prince Benjamin is permitted to enter this tabernacle. As each name is called the faithful one in answer will walk up the gang plank to the ark. When the last Israelite is safely on board the gang plank will be pulled in.

Then the animals will be summoned. Their names will appear on a special "Holy Roll." They are to enter a great door near the bow to the quarters assigned to them. The first specifications called for apartments for every living creature on the face of the earth, like the ancient craft.

But there was difficulty in finding room for so many "Israelites" and animals, too. Then, "Benjamin" had a divine communication to the effect that God didn't care very much about certain animals of great bulk, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, and polar bear. The original Noah had left the mammoth and the big dinosaurs out of the original ark, by Divine permission, and for similar reasons, thereby causing their extinction, Benjamin explained. The plans have been revised, excluding, one after another, most of the big and savage animals.

Finally the prophet received word that the whole snake family had served their purpose on earth and could be left to swim or sink. This was to be positively the last change. Benjamin stated to his men. However, he was mistaken.

Mary, the wife of the "prophet," had a communication that the mice, rats, spiders, fleas, moths, cockroaches, mosquitoes, flies, ants, and many other obnoxious little animals and insects were not to be shipmates on the ark.

There was much debate between the "prophet" and his spouse as to whether or not she had rightly understood the divine message. Mary prevailed in the end, so that there is now no doubt that none of these creatures will survive except, perhaps, as stow-aways.

Germs of all kinds have served their purpose. After the 1915 flood there are to be none. All the animals are to be washed with diluted carbolic acid, dog soap and various other disinfectants before occupying their quarters in the ark, which is to be thoroughly antiseptic.

The "Holy Rollers" will also go through a thorough sterilization process, even to the fumigation of their luxuriant beards.

The size and proportions of the new ark are to follow those of the old as closely as the chief of the Holy Rollers can approximate them from Biblical narrative. The length is to be 450 feet, the width 150 feet, the height from keel to upper deck 45 feet, these being the dimensions of the ancient ark according to the consensus of archaeological opinion. But there are to be certain innovations and improvements on Noah's design. As Benjamin expects the craft to be guided wholly by Providence, there is no need of sail or rudder. But there will be a great amount of work to be done aboard ship, and for this reason it would be well to have power aboard. Steel girders are to be used in several places to simplify some of Noah's ancient problems.

The prophet decided to erect a small windmill in one end of the ark, which would pump water aboard to wash out the cages of the animals and then pump it all out of the hold again, thereby being useful in case of a leak.

An enterprising agent for a gasoline engine company came from Grand Rapids lately and had a long interview with the prophet and his wife, with the result that a twelve horse-power engine is likely to take the place of the windmill.

The prophet's better half did not approve of having gasoline on board ship, especially as it is made by such an unregenerate as Mr. Rockefeller.

The prophet went into the tabernacle and laid the sacred "communion cloth" on his face, while the engine was so doing machine, that it didn't make any smell, and that the gasoline could be kept up forward among the skunks and foxes, where nobody would notice the smell.

After a long wait the prophet came out of the tabernacle and announced the message he had received. It would be all right to have an explosion engine in the ark and there would be no trouble from the gasoline, but the price was too high—was the gist of the communication.

So that one may see any day in the week a score of men hard at work building this great ark, just outside of the Holy Rollers' colony at Benton Harbor, Mich. Nearby is a small magazine where Benjamin is collecting the animals destined to be saved from the flood. According to last reports his menagerie, slowly acquired as opportunity offers, is as follows: Two goats, Nanny and Billy; two monkeys, two pigs, two cockatoos, two parakeets, two yellow legs, two bullfrogs, two humming birds, two Belgian hares and a dancing bear.

Of course there is no money in building arks nowadays. This "Community of Modern Israel," as the Holy Rollers prefer to call themselves, earn their living by working the 300 acres of as pretty and fertile country as is to be found in the United States. In the gardens and orchards grow choice vegetables and fruits, so much in excess of their own needs that their revenue from outside sales is more than sufficient to meet all expenses. What they can neither sell or consume they can in the extensive canning factories which are a feature of the colony.

All the people are vegetarians. They believe the body, as well as the soul, must be saved, so they refuse to defile their bodies by eating meat, for meat is unclean. They are much out in the open and go early to bed, rise early, work hard, and are fine specimens of robust manhood.

The men all wear soft, brown hats, much like the hats worn by United States cavalrymen. Some of the elders braid their long whiskers to avoid getting them mixed up in their work. The women, young and old, wear their long hair loosely. When in gala attire they affect poke bonnets, woven of grass and colored gorgeously. Some of the women possess rich jewels, but wear them only on state occasions.

Prophet Benjamin is a tall man, forty-five years old, with long, jet-black hair and beard and a face that remains ghastly white, in spite of months of outdoor life, which have tanned the features of all his followers. The prophet, with plans and specifications in his hand, directs the men in their extraordinary piece of shipbuilding.

When converts join the community of Modern Israelites they are required to agree to live separately from their wives and children, or husbands and children, as the case may be. Unmarried converts are required to pledge themselves never to acquire husbands, wives, or children.

Everything is held in common. This rule also applies to children. There are children among the members of the Holy Rollers, but they are not permitted to be much in evidence. If one asks whose children they are, he gets the answer that they belong to the community.

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Building Business: By Charles N. Crewdson, Author of "Tales of the Road"

A Series of Unusual Interest and Great Practical Value to Everyone in Business of Any Kind

The Man Who Works for You

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CHAPTER IV.

THE PARTY of business men continued to sit in the roof garden of the Hotel Astor where they had already sat an hour. Joannis Carolanus, the college boy son of a well-to-do father, took little part in the conversation. Business, the subject talked about, was new to him; he was to listen and learn, rather than to talk and teach.

"It's a wonder that we manufacturers," began the maker of shoddy cloth, "are able to turn out anything at all. Our workmen are getting so that we can't get a good day's work out of them. They take no interest in what they are doing. At the strike of the clock on the quitting hour they drop their tools to a man, even if they could work a minute longer and finish something they were doing. I tell you, a manufacturer must keep a whip in his hands all the time to keep these duffers in line."

"My daughter, who is a widow with five young children, has been sick for several years, and I have to help her along. Medicine and doctor bills come high, too. I tell you, when a man has to work by the day for a living—"

"Yes, come right in," said I. "You're just the very man we've been looking for. My small boy here the other day took a toy train and made a railroad track out of the top of our davenport. He scratched some of the varnish and finish off, and we're very glad to have you come and do it over. Here is the davenport right here," said I to him. "How much will it be worth for you to fix it up?"

"Oh, I can do that for 50 cents," said the old man. "It will take me only a couple of hours or so."

"Well, now, let me tell you, friends, my father before me was at one time a workman at the bench and I kind of thought that I wouldn't like for my sister to have," he supported in this way, so I said to the old man, "You make a real good job of it and I'll give you a dollar. Every once in a while we need a little something of this kind done and you be sure to come around occasionally and we will save the work for you." I don't believe exactly in giving money to people outright, but if you can manage to throw a little work in the way of the needy, I don't think it's a bad thing to do.

"Another time when the old gentleman was polishing a table for me, he said, 'I worked for thirty-five years for one firm. I was in the polishing department. You see, I know how to do this work even if I am seventy-six years old. But the rheumatism got a grip on me and I had to lay off once for about three months. They put in another man to take my place and when I went back and told them I was ready to work again, the foreman said to me—and it almost broke my heart—'Well, Mr. Travis, I guess we won't have a place for you here any more. You are getting so old that you can't do much, and then you are ailing with rheumatism, and we can't count on you. Business is business, you know. Your children ought to begin to take care for you now, anyway.' But, I haven't but one child and she's a widowed daughter with five little children," said I. "Can't you give me something to do?" "No; I was talking to the management about that," said the foreman—he was a hard-hearted kind of fellow anyway, just the sort that the company wanted at that place—and the old man said that he didn't want any one just putting around, that he wanted people to work for him who could work. There's no use arguing the case. That's the end of it, and away he turned. There I had worked for that firm for thirty-five years, and when I was over seventy years old and not able to do anything much but polish furniture, they turned me away. I had just a dime in my pocket that morning and that was every cent there was between me and starvation. But I'm doing pretty well now. I'm getting lots of good customers all around."

"You shall always have a good customer here," answered I. "We'll save the work for you."

"Well, I got to thinking about that old man as I went down toward my factory, and I made up my mind that if anyone had worked for me for thirty-five years and if he were in trouble, I would help him out. And then I began to think that there was perhaps a sort of a duty resting upon me to look after the welfare of my employees."

"You know the place where I take my meals and sleep is not my home, altogether, anyway. In my factory I spend most of my hours when I am awake. My workmen whom I meet are my real friends and club men. It is in my factory that my interest centers. Of course I love my family and all that, but my real home is not the place where the lawn is—my factory is my home."

"Well, don't you profit by close association with your men?" asked the shoe merchant.

"No, not even one for himself."

"We have a striking example in our country," began with foreign accent a German representing a Berlin chemistry establishment, "of what one gains by treating his men right."

"You mean the Krupp plant at Essen, do you not?" asked the hat manufacturer.

"Exactly," replied the German. "And that, I believe, is the greatest little city in the world. Essen contains over 90,000 of the happiest people on earth."

"Why do you say that?" asked the manufacturer of shoddy cloth.

"Because I have been the victim," retorted the German, "and it wouldn't hurt you to take the trip."

"Because I have been to Germany, and it wouldn't hurt you to take the trip."

"Well, in what way did he treat his workmen so as to get the best out of them?" asked the young man from college.